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THE MEAL POKE

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DUNDEE

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University of St Andrews

University College, Dundee

The Meal-Poke

Edited by

H. Bellyse Baildon, M.A., Ph.D., & R. Cochrane Buist, M.A., M.D.

for the Committee of

The Students' Union Bazaar

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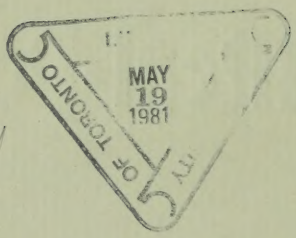

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THE MEAL-POKE.

THE meal-poke, the meal-poke,
The sonsie, gaucie meal-poke,
Baith rich and puir are fain to gi'
To ony Students' meal-poke.

The deil poke, the deil poke,
Wi' irons het, the deil poke
The cankered carl wha winna gi'
To ony Students' meal-poke.

The leal folk, the leal folk,
Wha pit into oor meal-poke!
Guid luck befa' them ane an' a'
Wha pit into oor meal-poke!

H. B. B.

[Tradition tells that each Meal Monday the Scottish Student returned to College with his poke replenished and his heart refreshed.]

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Finis, ... Alec Grieve.

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A FRESH BREEZE. G. STRATON FERRIER.

THE MEAL-POKE.

A CONFESSION.

By J. M. BARRIE.

I CONFESS I know few greater pleasures than this, of getting me into the cavity of my working table to write a paper for a bazaar book. Then does a thrush sing in the heart of the most sinister of us, and we nod exulting (because that at last we can begin) to last year's calendar, which is the stern timepiece of our crazy desk. At such a time the pen comes to the hand like a lover, the ever attractive name of bazaar is at its most alluring, and we feel an uncommon drawing to the editor of the little work.

There comes the elation of knowing that we have not missed this opportunity; that we, equally with our betters, are in this thing, and that as we sit

down to the performance of our pleasant task, so are they sitting down, each one in his cavity; and we blow them the remembrance that all is well with the world. Let us be grateful also in humility, for we owe this right to contribute less to ourselves than to the little cherub who sits up aloft over bazaar books, and is reluctant to disappoint one of us. But for him we should be to-day in the cold. Our first impulse (which ran all the way to a pillar-box) was to be done with the delights of bazaars (on this point I may speak for all of us). We knew ourselves so little that we feared when the time for yoking came it would find us thankful if we had declined to write, and sour of visage if we had agreed. But the little cherub was better acquainted with us, and gave us a second chance, for which we now drink to him in love. Picture to yourself (you of the kindly heart) all the others now gleefully writing the bazaar book, and me left a-colded. How they would feast on my plight to-day; with what hungry eyes should I gaze on them. I have been saved a loathly draught.

With a little looking around a man may devote his life exclusively to writing in bazaar books. There are, I believe, persons in the first rank of fashion who will contribute to nothing less respect-

able. They have their club (for which none but bazaar writers are eligible) and their newspaper organ. They intermarry and have their private oaths. But it is not these I sing. They are as people too over-fed on good things. They will let no dish pass. They are good fellows, but not for them is the true glory of writing in bazaar books. This is only for those who, having more plebeian work on hand six days in the seven, must be sparing of what time they give to pleasure. They can have a bazaar now and again only. This may seem a lamentable position, but such ones revel most in the holiday when it comes. There is the long looking forward to the day when the paper is to be written; the counting of the hours, school-boy fashion. They always write on the last day possible, because to do it now and have it over would make for gloom. The coming event is held out temptingly to our jaded selves as an inducement to us to plod along at our more humdrum tasks. Six chapters more, we whisper, and you shall have a day off to foot it at bazaars.

ANDREAPOLIS.

By ANDREW LANG.

LIKE most people I have written about St Andrews, in prose and verse; how many others have preceded and followed me! I peruse their meditations, in Knight's *Andreapolis*, with a melancholy grin. Here is Jaspar Laen de Burchloen, addressing Bishop Schevez, at the end of the fifteenth century. "In St Andrews, with its crowd of learned men," says J. L. de B.! Who composed that erudite assemblage, where now are their valuable works? I think that the University possesses one volume from the library of Bishop Schevez, a prelate usually vituperated by our historians, because he superseded a lunatic Bishop, Patrick Graham, who, for reasons unknown to me,

has been regarded as a rather too previous Protestant. What became of all our good old books? Probably they were destroyed by the Regent Moray, as idolatrous or magical.

John Johnstoun (1570-1612) was rather sarcastic about St Andrews. "A city but too fortunate, *if* it only knew the dear gifts of the Muses," which, too obviously, it did not know, in the opinion of Professor Johnstoun, who had been residing in Germany. As for Arthur Johnston (1642), I suspect him of being little better than an idolatrous Papist. "This *was* a fine place," he says, in *Latin Elegiacs*, "but the ancient glory hath perished, the temple hath fallen in ruins." Johnston had not seen the Jubilee Fountain on the First Hole, that useful and beautiful monument, still more squat than the Martyrs' Memorial. We skip to 1723, when Mr Mackay finds St Andrews very like Bruges; another author thinks it very like Rome! The Swilcan Burn, however, is a hazard less difficult than the Tiber. John Loveday (1732) brings in the myth that the Cathedral was roofed with burnished copper. Several later authors dwell on this gorgeous ornament, "Glowing like a sheet of fire," says Mr Anstruther (in *The Westminster Gazette*). Mr Alexander, too, insists on the copper roof. I appeal to Mr Hay

Fleming. *Was* there a copper roof? Who stole it? Only one abbey retained its leaden roof by 1587, that of Coldinghame. The good Commendator of the St Andrews Priory, the Regent Moray, is likely to have turned the roof into ready money at the earliest opportunity. But was it a roof of copper? Thomas Pennant (1772) ascribes the destruction of the place to "the barbarous zeal of a minister," John Knox. He is wrong; the church was not needed; nobody would pay for its "upkeep." Somebody sold the leaden roof, naturally the rain soaked in; the place fell to pieces, and became a favourite quarry. John Knox did not "effect its demolition in a single day."

Swallow Street always turns up. *Was* there any Swallow Street? Again I appeal to Mr Hay Fleming; but, personally, I think Swallow Street as much of a myth as the copper roof. Dr Johnston, also, has a shot at John Knox and his religion, "compounded of sullen scrupulousness and warlike ferocity." But why are the remarks of the Chevalier Johnstone omitted? He frankly says that the Cities of the Plain were not in it for devilry with St Andrews. Many other pleasant things says the Chevalier. Why does Mr Knight omit the learned Baillie, who tells us that the General Assembly, about 1639-1641,

found great profanity, ignorance, and devotion to strong drink in Andreapolis.

King James VI., while the Spanish Armada was under weigh, was much vexed by our University. "In this welter of the world," says the exiled Prince, "nobody knowing what is to happen next, I have more papers to read from the University of St Andrews than I could get through in a fortnight, if I had nothing else to do." He adds irascibly, addressing his University Commissioners, "For God's sake, do *something!*" As to the Professors, he observed that they may be allowed to "flyte," or scold, as much as they please, but not to draw daggers, or send challenges. A lively thing a Senatus meeting must have been. And there was a moment when the students had matured a plan for burning down the town. One of them was ordered, by the Commissioners of the General Assembly, to be flogged. He had maintained that when the Marquis of Argyle (Montrose's enemy) challenged Lord Lindsay, and then refused to fight, the Marquis did not behave in a gentleman-like manner. This young man, knowing the censure of the Kirk, refused to be flogged, and left the University. I wish we knew his name!

These are some of the pleasant little circum-

stances which do not enter into the scheme of Mr Knight's collection of comments on St Andrews. The account of the place about 1780, by the fond mother of Mr Berkeley, grandson of the celebrated philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, might perhaps have been squeezed in. It is graphic and amusing. Mr Berkeley came from Eton. When he saw what he had come to he wept bitterly. But he also wept when he went away. With the second set of tears I sympathise. Had I been Mr Knight I could not have left out the St Andrews poem by Robert Fergusson, who inspired Burns, and was perhaps our best poet. Burns raised his tomb. We have no memorial to him here, so much is genius neglected. St Rule's Tower, according to Mr Oliphant, dates from the days when

"The pure Culdee was Albyn's earliest priest of God."

But the pure Culdee was not that, by any means; and the tower was later than the years when the pure Culdee flourished. The Queen's Maries were not "French," as Sir John Skelton says. Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingstone were at most, Frenchified. Sir John also goes in for "the burnished copper roof," though copper turns a dull dead green under the

weather, and would have needed burnishing about once a week. Why did Leyden

"Lash the willows blue that fringe the stream"

of the Eden. He *says* he did; but wherefore? He could not have got his ball into the willows, and "lashed" them with his iron. They are too far from the links. If he was fishing, he may have got his flies caught up in the willows—he may have lost his temper and lashed them in that case. He says he wished he was back "in Edina's shade"; no compliment to St Andrews. It is a choicely bad sonnet this of Leyden. Above all, why did the pilgrim from Poitou come without sheepskin? *Pictavus expers velleris?* If he needed a sheepskin in France, he needed half a dozen at St Andrews. The Latin poem about the man with no sheepskin was left here by a pilgrim, before the Reformation: he came here to make prayer to Andrew." We learn, from Canon Rawnsley, that George Wishart was burned (after he had been strangled) on a windy day, and that the fishers "looked upon it as a judgment on his murderers." It was much more like a judgment on the fishers. The judgment has been going on ever since, the winds have never ceased, but are a judgment on the

Green Committee. Mrs Oliphant, in a History of Scotland, said that as John Knox was carried away prisoner by the French he looked back at the ruined towers of St Andrews. I pointed out, to the fair historian's unconcealed delight, that Mr Knox had not yet made the ruins, at that date in his career—I mean as far as he helped to make them. They were a by-product of the Reformation. As Professor Meiklejohn adds, we have plenty of "the ugliest little chapels that even a Scotch town can boast of." We have also the fountain on the links, two or three tall chimneys standing where they ought not, the Gas Works ingeniously placed so as to spoil the ruins of the Cathedral, but I believe that the Gymnasium shanty, a lean-to against Bishop Kennedy's College Chapel, is doomed. Perhaps Mr Carnegie may give us monuments to Cardinal Beaton and Montrose; Archbishop Sharp has his already.

RONDEAU.

"COME SOFTLY, SLEEP."

COME softly, Sleep. For darkness falls, while yet
On yonder heights the sun has newly set.
Far in the west long miles of radiance glow.
There shadows lie. The pulse of life beats low.
Come softly, Sleep; tired eyes with tears are wet.

Breathe peace to troubled hearts, that they forget
Their weariness awhile, and all regret.
So, dreaming, thine enchantment o'er them throw.
Come softly, Sleep.

In silence of the night, majestic, slow,
Orion and the Plough o'erhead shall go.
Serene the path they tread, to pay no debt,
No praise to win, nor any wage to get.
Come, Sleep, their sweetest influence bestow.
Come softly, Sleep.

JAMES CADENHEAD.

DUNDEE MEMORIES.

By W. L WATSON.

TO the man who has been long absent from his native place there come times when the pulling power of memory is tremendous. Some whiff of air, some tint of sky, or arrangement of cloud will start the chimes of remembrance in his head, and they will keep on ringing till he is compelled to sit still and surrender himself entirely to their influence. Memory is supposed to cast a halo round the things of the past, so that it becomes mere sunshine and hope. That is not so in all cases. No doubt a kind of weak sentimentalism informs a good deal of Scots love of home, and a detestable variety of "bletherin'" over whisky and

water is the result. The true, the virile, the really significant patriotism is that literal kind illustrated by the Selkirk man in Soho, who said one morning, "D'ye ken, I can scarcely use my right hand this morning. I was dreaming last night of the day when we laddies rubbed rosin on the schoolmaster's chair, and the fearfu' lickin' I got wi' the tawse; an', dang me, if I can stretch my fingers." What a fine story is that also of the two Fife miners who, after some twenty-five years of successful gold-digging under the parching skies of Australia, returned home together. They had fine weather for their stay in London; it was a beautiful evening when they took train at King's Cross; the moon shone full as they peered out sleepily at York; and towards Berwick they saw day break golden over the grey North Sea. "What kin o' day is it gaun to be?" growled the one. "Fine," was the answer—"an' be damned till't." They were wakened by the grunting of the brakes, as the train curved round by Arthur's Seat, on whose top the lion stared grim and stedfast through a great dripping cloud. Stepping quickly to an uncovered space that then intervened between the platforms, he who had cursed the sun bared his head, and with upturned face let the rain fall upon him till

he was well wetted, and then to his mate said—"Man, Andrew, this *is* hame."

There is no need for the Northerner to have been so far away as mid Australia to know the blessedness of the "caller air" of his youth. It will visit him in elusive trickery of imagination as he sits or crawls along the sweltering, baking, bricky "fronts" of Hastings or Bournemouth. In landlocked valleys of the south there come days when a cubic yard of honest east wind seems to him worth money. He forgets the extremely liberal supply he enjoyed at home, and remembers only the exhilaration of lung and brain which that same pungent wind begat in him. Physicists tell us that the east wind is charged with chemical elements, which serve powerfully to fertilise the soil. Certain it is that it carries also a brain stimulant. The man who has had to shoulder his way physically in youth against the east wind of the east of Scotland has had a valuable training. Other winds may blow in other places—for example, that great soft-bodied, humid thing that sweeps up over Cornwall from the south-west—but the Easter has no peer, no substitute. He is the great character-maker, and his academy extends from Leith to Aberdeen. Curse him not, although tempted

thereto by his excess in the long spring, lest you be cursing part of your very soul. The Easter goes largely to the making of you. You cannot replace him any more than you can find a substitute for oatmeal porridge. That is another constituent of the Northern self which is not to be replaced in substance and flavour away from its native clime. It may have been too frequent, and too plentifully offered in youth; but when bacon and eggs, pork chops and sausages, kippers, sprats, haddocks, marmalade, and half-digested American invalid foods fail to tempt, or become nauseous, the ancient flavour of fresh warm porridge will flood the mind with a memory of hunger and appetite only less powerful in its appeal than first love. But it must be porridge. "I am sure," said the Bailie's wife, when the "porridge" was set before her in the London hotel—"I am sure Esau wadna hae selled his birthright for that *wersh* stuff."

The day will come when a large proportion of the present generation of youth, nurtured amid the east wind, will be turning their faces southward, westward, eastward, tropic-ward. No matter where the promise of fortune arrests their feet, the memory of that foster-father will be with them. It will

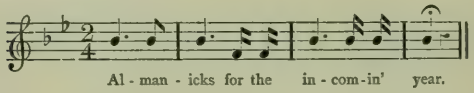
haunt their lazy evenings, and steal into their dreams. They will have visions of the great curving firth, the grey water, grey air, grey hills, grey stones, and grey-white gulls shooting and swerving above dull breaking waves, and over all that native wind will sing in their ears the unquenchable tune of home.

It was a long-absent native of Dundee who, coming out of the West Station, walked along Dock Street, and pulling up in amazement in front of the Greenmarket, exclaimed, as if somebody had stolen a portion of his property, "Whaur's the Fish Market?" At the corner of Crichton Street he cried, "Whaur's Fish Street?" Turning up his nose in deep disgust at Whitehall Street, he shouted with an increasing conviction of theft, "Whaur's the Union Hall, an' the narrow of the Nethergate?" An increasing chorus of indignant "whaur's" was arrested by one grunt of satisfaction—"There's the Toon Hoose onyway." But he quickly resumed: "Whaur's the Murraygate, an' the Trades Hall, an' (d——n it a') whaur's Toffee Reid's?" The friend who accompanied him was somewhat discouraged at this reception of the new Dundee, but he pointed out that these departed places were very old and highly insani-

tary. His explanations only drew the indignant protest, "They might be auld, and they might na be just awfu' clean, but—they were Dundee." When at night, after a comfortable supper, they thought him appeased, he startled them with the question, "An' whan will they be beginning to tak' doon the Auld Steeple?"

It is possible to sympathise with this man in his contempt of progress. Where—to echo his anthem —where is Pie Jock, he of the hot hand-borne oven, who on Saturday nights would sell you a penny pie, or toss you, heads or tails—"sudden death," for a twopenny one? A clean-shaven man he was, long faced, Scots in every feature of him, who paid his losses ungrudgingly, and was occasionally generous when he won; for he kept a diminutive kind of halfpenny pie, more flour than meat, for occasional consolation to losers. He never managed to steel himself against the suggestion that he had anything to do with dead cats, but would get in a towering passion. He knocked a man down once on the High Street who indicated that he preferred dog pie to cat pie. And where is that other strange old man who sold match-paper in the streets? "Match-paper, match-paper," was his cry, uttered in a curious piercing cracked voice. Towards New

Year time he would come forth with another call—"Almanicks for the incomin' year." This is how it ran musically:



Where is Mag Gow, the "Bailies' bane," but the best-tongued vendor of fish that ever bore basket from door to door? And where is the town bellman? Some of his proclamations remain in a memory that has forgotten many sermons. When he had rung his chime, "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, a-ling, ling," with a last subdued "ling" as he tucked the bell under his arm, he would pull out with great deliberation, to give the public time to assemble, his spectacle case of horn, put the glasses on his nose, then bring forth a paper and read: "Lost since last nicht a female child, aged seven years, dressed in a wincey coat and a pinafore, without boots or stockings, blue eyes and reddy hair, from her home in the Wellgate. To be returned to the Town House, the Police Office, or to her parents' house number so and so, so and so." And the Town Drummer, with the red coat and the long hat, and the town's arms

painted on his drum, who announced public roups, and wound up with, "God save the Queen"—where is he?

Where are they all? Where is anything and everything that once was and is no more? "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" The old things—persons and buildings, man and the works of his hands—disappear; they become too old, and some doubtless grow dreadfully insanitary. But that curve of the hills and the Fife shore from Balmerino to the Earn mouth remains for ever, or, at least, for a forever long enough to satisfy any conception of fixity of any moral value to man. There are not many fairer sights than the summer affords when the setting sun floods the great space of water in the west of the Tay estuary. Under Norman's Law there are bays in the shore where a man may pass a summer's day under debt to nothing but nature, imperishable and ever beautiful. For other moods there is another sight of profound beauty. Let the month be October and the evening clear. Let the watcher stand on the Fife shore by Scotscraig. He will see the night deepen over the town and the lights come out on the streets, and if the moon, growing to full, rise amid floating clouds, for contrast he may gaze on town and sky, and in thought

grow to know himself a member of a Students' Union as wide as the universal world, and nowhere more richly served with matter for thought and delight than by Tayside.

THE MEAL-POKE.

· THE HARBOUR WALL ·

STRAY DOGS.

By W. GRANT STEVENSON.

THERE is no "class" in dog shows for stray dogs: in champion classes they are unknown.

Stray dogs are migratory; they appear in uncertain seasons and mysteriously disappear; their breed is uncertain, their appetites omniverous and permanent, their affections fluctuating.

Experientia docet does not apply to stray dogs in my case, it has not taught me *cave canem* — to beware of their wiles and acuteness in diagnosing the person to cling to *pro tem.*

Our stray dogs have been so numerous, it is difficult to recall the first, but among them one stands in prominence on account of its size.

He approached me one day with a slow, diffident wag of the tail, and as I stroked his large head he thought the introduction sufficient, to follow me. His expression was a mixture of humility and innocence. The character-reader, however, might have given way to the phrenologist, who would have discovered round his head a series of knots and bruises suggestive of the "game chicken," whose face "bore the marks of having been frequently broken and but indifferently mended."

Oscar, as we called him, was generous in his fighting, and frequently passed a week without finding a "foeman worthy" and willing. Besides large dogs, his other aversions were policemen and bagpipes. I could understand the latter, but the former was suggestive of his being "had up" under the Vagrancy Act.

Oscar was honoured by an affectionate clap on the head from Dr John Brown, who said he recalled "Rab" to his memory.

Oscar's magnanimity in combat was exemplified one day, when a tiny terrier, the size of his head, emboldened by Oscar's neglect of his barking, sprang at the warrior's shaggy side, while the hero of many battles trotted on with the little one

hanging to him like a pack-saddle on a horse. Oscar was a faithful friend for many years.

As far as I am concerned, our next visitor was nameless.

With two friends I was coming down the Mound when we became aware that we were being "shadowed" by a brown retriever. One of us threatened the dog with his umbrella, another stooped for an imaginary stone, but as the dog persisted, it was suggested that we should part on our various ways without stopping: the bet that it would follow me finding no transaction,

as I was, in racing phraseology, "a dead snip." Next morning — Sunday — I was told, in anything but pleasant tones, that I would have to take eggs, as the dog had eaten our breakfast and was gone, leaving no address.

Our next canine visitor was a lurcher, and, like his predecessor, he did not give us time to christen him. He was a week-end visitor, and expensive at that, as I had to replace a pair of curtains for those he had torn. I did not mind that so much, but what my aunt said to me about me and my dogs when she looked at the fragments of her chewed bonnet made me determine to be firm against taking home dogs; and if there is one thing I can flatter myself on, it is, that when I make up my mind to do anything nothing will make me swerve from my resolution. The "week-end" bill, not including anything for injured feelings, was—curtains, £4 4s; bonnet, £1 10s = £5 14s; and if I had required anything further to make me determined, the payment fixed it.

It did not occur to me, till my attention was drawn to it, that it was always on rainy nights I brought in dogs, though I felt that the form of expression ought to have been "that dogs came home with me."

Stray Dogs.

The breed of our penultimate dog was a mystery, and I consulted a man I thought was an authority on dogs. I found, however, that his knowledge in that line was limited to bull-terriers.

"What kind of dog is that?" I asked.

"Well," he said, scratching his chin, "he's ower sma' for an Airedale, an' ower big for an Irish terrier; an' then, ye see, his colour's wrang for an Irish, an' he's no' a rough-haired fox; but if ye want a dug, there's naething like the bull-terrier for pluck an' sagaucity."

The first morning this unclassified dog was with us I missed my slippers, and I hadn't been long in my stocking soles till I began to sneeze; later on, the girl brought in sections of the slippers from the back garden, and asked me ominously to go out and look at the palm. I couldn't see the palm (£2 10s), but after some searching I found an empty flower-pot, earth strewn over the gravel, and a chewed stalk.

This dog objected to sleeping in the kitchen, and I was just dosing off when his continued whining for my company forced me to get up and call to him to "be quiet there," and to "lie down and be quiet." This had no effect, and as I was getting too cold to argue further, I had to allow him to follow me

to the bedroom, but was kept awake by his efforts to dislodge something from behind his ears, so I had to take him to an outhouse in the garden. I took him out next morning in the hope of losing him, and seeing him in conversation with the butcher's collie I entered a chemist's shop for ammoniated quinine to nip the embryo cold in the bud—or nose rather—brought on by my midnight perambulations. I also intended getting a cake of dog soap to prevent a repetition of the previous night's disturbance, but thought I might cross the street and escape behind the cab stance. I was rather pleased with my plan till I found the dog waiting for me at the gate, and I went back to the chemist, saying, as if in afterthought, "and a cake of dog soap, please." Involuntarily

glancing at the dog, his ears and tail drooped, and he appeared to have suddenly remembered a

pressing engagement, and hurried off. I did not care to cancel the order, but the first visitor to the Bazaar who writes can have the soap by sending two stamps for postage.

Cost—Palm, £2 10s; slippers, 10s 6d; soap, 6d = £3 1s. No more stray dogs for me.

Next day, on my way home, I felt something touch my leg, and looking down I saw a neat little fox terrier. "Hullo, old man!" I said, and his look and wagging of his tail implied—"I was sure it was you; I was just passing when I noticed you," and he trotted on as if to his home, jumped on the sofa, and was soon fast asleep.

His one idea was cats, and every time the door was opened he rushed out, barking at imaginary enemies. The cold which his predecessor gave me, he has augmented into bronchitis. I went out the other night in my slippers to post letters

in an adjacent pillar-box, when the enthusiastic dog rushed along the street, barking with delight, and looking round for me to follow him. I was bare-headed, but as I had advertised him I felt bound to keep him in case of his owner calling, but the enthusiastic animal mistook my meaning and enjoyed me chasing him. One of my slippers came off, but before I could get it he was off with it, and enjoyed the fun. I didn't.

I was three days in bed after chasing the *ignis fatuus*, and the doctor's bill has not come in yet. In spite, however, of all my trouble, experience, and expense, I know I shall take in, and be taken in by, the next canine wanderer that asks me, with eyes one can read and not deny.

LE JUIF ERRANT. GEORGE R. HALKETT.

THE MEAL-POKE.

THE MEAL-POKE.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

(BALLADE).

OF all the flowers that bud and blow
In country mead or garden fair,
That peep above the springtime snow,
Or scent the quivering summer air,
Of flowers by castle walls that flare,
Or deck the peasant's narrow plot,
I hold the best beyond compare
The little blue Forget-me-not.

Some prize the dahlia's ruby glow;
Some twine the lily in their hair;
Some hearts are where the heathbells grow,
Far from the city's din and care;
The rose's blush, the sunflower's stare
May please some eyes: to me allot,
What neither shame nor pride doth wear—
The little blue Forget-me-not.

The Forget-Me-Not.

Ah sweet! to-day, where waters flow,
I culled a nosegay wild and rare.
Strange plants that gardens never know,
And berries ruddy ripe were there;
Dark pansies I plucked otherwhere—
All were for you, a gift unsought;
You took alone—adieu, Despair!
The little blue Forget-me-not.

When the long sleep shall be my share,
I ask, to mark my resting spot,
Not willow grey, nor granite bare—
The little blue Forget-me-not.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

THREE PICTURES.

By ANNIE S. SWAN.

MACNEILL sat up smiling in his bed. He had thrown his plaid from his gaunt shoulders, which he tried to hold squarely to prove that disease had no longer power over his will, but had become subservient to it. His eyes, far sunken, burned with the fire of youth, his grizzled hair, pushed carelessly back from the high white dome of his brow, seemed to bristle with a fresh courage. Death was waiting in the antechamber, and the long fight was nearly done, but on the old chief's face there was joy, like sunshine from afar. It was a windy March morning, and the red, fierce clouds of the dawn scudding across the sky were reflected with a fainter glory on the

rough waters of Loch Brayne, where they beat upon the castle rock. It was a morning to stir the young blood in the veins, a morning on which spring did not tarry; even the old man for whom seasons would soon cease to be, felt the incomparable stirring once more.

It was a large, lofty, gloomy chamber in which he lay. At the heavy foot-rail of the oaken bedstead a stalwart figure stood looking upon him with the yearning of a filial affection. It was the end of a long vigil, which father and son, some time parted, had kept together in the silent watches of the night. There was neither misunderstanding nor fear in their regarding one another; all was clear between them, and the smile on the face of Macneill had been brought thither by the speech of his son Hamish, speech which had warmed the chill darkness, and opened up a vision of eternal spring.

They had met but yesternight with a mountain of misery between them, a mountain high with broken hopes and corroding fears,—but, lo, all had melted away like mists at the dawning before the breath of a young man's steady purpose, his high ambition, his holy hope. Hamish Macneill, at four and twenty, had the strength of full man-

hood in his face. Early confronted with the sordid problem of mere existence, he had been the first of his race to cast aside the petty trammels of tradition and circumstances and seek his living in the world of men. At twenty, sickened beyond all telling at the poverty and hopelessness of life on the hungry patrimony of the Macneills, which bit by bit had been wrested from them, until little was left but the grey old house and the sour acres fringing the greyer loch,—and seeing no prospect of betterment for himself or those he loved, he had essayed by his brow's sweat to earn the wherewithal to uplift them from the Slough of Despond. He had taken the step poorly equipped, how poorly he had early proved in the great mart where men buy and sell for gold. He could plough a straight furrow; but in the city ways are no furrows save those which sin and care have ploughed deep in the faces of men and women. He knew the ways of cattle beasts, and could gently guide the ewes that were with young; there he saw them only driven to the shambles. He had a strong arm; it grew slack through lack of exercise and sustenance. He could rise with the lark, but why early times when there is no work to do? But Hamish Macneill, with true

Highland dourness held to his purpose, and by dint of sheer hard work and little food succeeded in keeping his own body and soul together, and in sending something to those he loved. But the strain and the stress had told. He had left Loch Brayne a boyish lad—he came back to it a grave faced man who had looked into the heart of things, and parted with youth's morning for ever.

All this the old chief had noted with eyes which the film of death had not robbed of their clear vision, and but for the words he had heard spoken in the silent night, he had lain down a weary man, instead of a glad one, to die.

"Tell me it again, Hamish, word for word, what you haf heard, and what it iss you will do," he said, and the smile did not leave his face.

"I have heard that across the seas there is a land that is not sour and hungry, but ready and bursting to give of its abundance to any man that will put honest work upon it. It is a long day's journey from Scotland, but many of our own people are there already, and many more are going. And they say that there you can hear the Gaelic as pure as on the shores of Loch Brayne. A man can have so many acres for the asking, father, and more for the paying of a few shillings. Every

man is his own laird, and if only he will work, his living, nay, his fortune is assured."

"That iss what you haf heard, my son, now what iss it you will do?"

"I will go there after we are left," said the young man slowly, and with the words the shadow of the coming parting crept over his face. "After I have put my mother and Marget safe with Aunt Elspeth in Edinburgh, I will go out and take up the land. God knows, I will work. I will take out of it every bit that is in it, though they say a man can hardly do that in his lifetime, because of its richness. Then when the corn is reaped twice, or maybe thrice, I will build a new house, and plant a garden about it, and to the new Loch Brayne I will bring my mother and Marget as soon as I have the money to pay for them on the boat."

"And how long will it tak', maype, Hamish, to do all this?" asked the old man, and the smile did not leave his face.

"A matter of two years, or maybe three. I will work the harvest this year with a farmer till I learn the way of the land, and he will pay me enough—for wages are high there—to buy a horse, and a plough you can have for the borrowing, for

they have all been poor men, and have the neighbourliness of poor folk."

"Ay, ay; the neighbourliness of poor folk," said the old man, repeating the words as if they were pleasant to him. "Well, well, may the Lord bless the new Loch Brayne across the seas and prosper it for efer. I will not pe seeing it with mine own eyes in the flesh, but, Hamish, lad, I shall nefer pe far away."

Hamish Macneill turned away swiftly, for the lump in his throat hindered his speech, and moreover it did not become a man who had such great things in view to shew a woman's weakness. But his eyes were not dry as he stood by the uncurtained window and looked upon the flickering gleams of sunshine as they lightened the troubled bosom of the loch. A sudden movement took him back to the bedside, and then he saw that the old man, having given his blessing, had fallen on sleep.

And the smile of peace was still upon his face.

. . . . . .

The sun had gone down upon the prairie, and the amber clearness of the air made the illimitable distance, the unfathomable space, so wide a

mystery that the solitary traveller, pausing with his valise slung across his shoulder, stood still on a little hillock, held by a vast wonder, greater than anything he had felt in his life. He had left the railway track four miles distant, and, being guided by the map in his pocket, had come straight as an arrow to the place of his dream and of his hope. The level landscape was bare, but the smell of the harvest was in the air, and the sweet scent of the prairie grass, in which hid mysterious sweet-smelling flowers to which none could give a name. Beyond the rolling billows of the plains he caught the gleam of water, and a new strength seemed to come to him, so that he went forward with a long swinging step made light with hope. And presently he saw the full shimmer of the lake, and against the crystal clearness of the sky he saw the outline of a solitary pelican standing motionless among the reeds. The swift red glow of the sunset was fast fading from the face of the waters; soon the quick darkness of the land where there is no twilight would overtake him. But he paused there, and taking from his pocket a little roll he spread it out upon the grass, near a handful of bones left in the lonely buffalo trail. He put a bone at each corner to keep it flat, and then, lying

flat before it, studied it earnestly. It was a Government map, the result of careful survey, and gave a clear account of the parcelling out of six hundred acres of land. To find his homestead upon it was Hamish Macneill's task. He had the coca to guide him, and further a little clump of trees and a wooden shanty, where he had been told he should find his neighbour, one Thomas Jeffreys, a lowland Scot from East Lothian, who had taken up his homestead a year before. Having satisfied himself that he was in the right direction, he slowly rose to his feet, took a long breath, and stepped out again. The light on his face was good to see, for unless he had made some dire mistake he trod upon his own land, which had been signed and sealed to him and his forever. And though here were no hills lifting solemn, reverent heads to the sky, no belts of fair woodland, no purple glens, or misty hollows, yet none could say but that it was a goodly land, fair enough to see. And there was that in the crystal clearness of the air which could make a man's blood flow quicker in his veins and fill him with unknown and buoyant hope. The joy of life in these primeval solitudes, which so lately had been the heritage of the buffalo and the coyote, was a

very lovely thing, virgin from the hand of God. Such was the strange commingling of his thoughts as he came near to the little shanty among the sparse trees. The only sign of farm life about it was a plough-horse browsing on a bit of grass in the rear of the house, and a sheep-dog, which set up a shrill bark at the approaching feet. The unwonted noise brought a man hurriedly out of the shanty, and with that these two, destined to become one in heart as brothers, met for the first time. Hamish Macneill had the long, lean, hungry figure of the Highlander. Thomas Jeffreys was six good inches shorter, yet of manly build, and his face was one to win respect and love, the sunny blue eyes looking frankly outwards mirroring a clear upright soul.

"Good evening," said Macneill civilly but with no smile. Indeed smiles were rare in his grave face, and on the farm where he had worked five months he had earned the reputation of being a dull, austere man, with little to say for himself.

"Good evening," too said Tom Jeffreys, and he smiled all over his face, being glad to see one of his own kind on any pretext whatever. "Where have you sprung from?"

"I came from Winnipeg. My name's Macneill.

I've got a homestead marching with yours. If you'll let me come in, I'll show you my credentials."

"Nothing easier. Man, I'm glad to see you. I heard accidentally that a place was to be taken up here. I've just managed to pay for the bit on the other side of me. Where do you come from?"

"Beyond Stornoway. I came out in the spring," replied Macneill, thawing under the genial influence of the other's happy neighbourly manner. "Been working all the summer with a man this side of Brandon. How long have you been here?"

"Just twelve months, and I've done well. I've just got my wheat all away to the elevator, and paid off my hired men. Now I've got to settle down to plough a bit before the frost comes. It'll be fine to have a neighbour. But come inside. Man alive, I'm glad to see you."

He took the stranger's bag from his hand and showed him into the little shanty with much bantering show of ceremony, calling it a castle in his own right. It was a very small place inside, but comfortable with that kind of spare comfort a man creates. A table, two chairs, a wooden bedstead, a few cooking utensils, that was all. Nay, not quite. Above the mantelpiece hung two large

photographs in oak frames: a family group clustering about a father and mother, and a picture of an old family house, with ivy grown about it, and open windows with lace curtains shewing, and a smooth lawn in front. These were Tom Jeffreys' treasures in that wilderness, the altar before which he had said many prayers and shed not a few tears.

"You're Scotch I hear by your tongue," said Macneill, as he drew a long breath, half of relief, half of pleasure. "And the Scotch out here are clannish. I never saw anything like it."

"Got to be," replied the other laconically. I'm from Drem in East Lothian. My father's farming there yet, making nothing, and losing what he made in the fat years. And there was such a tribe of us eating off him. There they are. God, what wouldn't I give to see them all again? Been here two years; in two years' time I'll be home to see them if I'm a live man."

"But you like the country; you wouldn't leave it?" said Macneill, with a sudden note of anxiety in his voice.

"Like the country? Yes. What do *you* think? It's a grand country, sir; the best the Creator ever made. And I'm going to bide here till my

fortune's made. They laughed at me when I left, but my father didn't laugh when I sent him home a cheque last month. It's the good gold that convinces them—they'll take nae man's word. Now tell me about yourself, while the kettle boils and I get you something to eat."

So Macneill, won to a rare confidence, talked to his new friend as he had been a brother. He felt like one who, wandering far, had suddenly come home.

"I've been with a German in Manitoba, and I'm jolly sick of their lingo and of their ways."

"Don't wonder; but they make good settlers. I'll tell you what, though, it's our own folk we want to come here—Scotch, English, and Irish, but maistly Scotch," said Jeffreys, with his big honest laugh. "Well, what would you say to digging with me here all winter? I like the looks of you, and the two of us together could do great things. We'll work to each others hands. My experience will be good for you, and we'll be company to each other in the long dark nights when the frost shuts us in."

Macneill did not speak for a moment, and, glancing at him, Tom Jeffreys understood. He liked him none the worse for his silence. He came

of a race himself that is slow at expressing its feelings. So they, being in the lone solitudes together, made their compact. How they kept it we shall presently see.

. . . . . .

It was September month once more, and three times had the year waned since Hamish Macneill stood solitary upon the little hillock facing the loch in the wilderness—the loch he had christened by the name familiar to him since his childhood, though the Government survey called it something else.

Along the endless level track of the Canadian Pacific Railway the great engine of the Limited Imperial Express dragged its heavy cars, leaving a long line of smoke behind, to be caught up into the crystal heights of the air, and there dispersed. Close by the window of one of the cars sat two women, one old and one young, looking out wistfully upon the strange landscape, which had its own weird beauty, the beauty of the solitary place, the virgin soil fresh from the hand of God waiting the kindly touch of the husbandman to make it blossom like the rose. All day long they had journeyed across these endless, mysterious plains, passing many a snug homestead and many a tiny, growing town-

ship, and the wonder of it held them in thrall. But now they were near their journey's end, and hope had given place to a kind of gnawing anxiety, which was almost pain. Three long years had passed since they had bidden goodbye to Hamish at the Waverley Station in Edinburgh, and though his letters had ever been kind and full of hope, and though he had sent good money for their passage, and made everything clear and easy for them, the new land seemed strange and even terrible to these two women who had never before crossed the Tweed.

Presently the train began to slow down, and the porter, swinging through the long corridor, called out the name of the station which they were approaching—Falcon's Hope.

"Here we are, mother," said the girl, springing up, and her fresh young lip quivered as she essayed to arrange the cloak about her mother's shoulders. "I am afraid to look out for fear Hamish should not be there."

"He will be there, bairn," said the elder woman, and upon her face, which bore the seal of many sorrows, there was the steadfast look of one whose trust is stayed upon a sure foundation. Then the train lumbers up to the little wooden platform,

which it shook to its very foundations, and they alone, of all that great train load, got out. Many friendly eyes followed them, and more than one wished them God-speed. It is a long journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and there is time given for the nurturing of friendships which can sometimes last a lifetime. These two sweet women had endeared themselves to such as had spoken with them, but they had preserved their close reticence regarding themselves and the purport of their journey; therefore none knew why they alighted at that little barren station set solitary among the wheatfields, within sight of the gleaming waters of the only lake they had seen during that long day's journeying. Those looking out saw them met by a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a handsome bronzed face and an eager eye, and the pathos of that meeting made the careless turn decently away, and even surreptitiously wipe an eye wet with unwonted emotion. The little trio forgot the looker on, forgot the grass between, and remembered only the joy and the pain of the moment present with them. The last the travellers speeding westwards saw was the old lady being tenderly lifted into a roomy buggy drawn by a pair of fine alert-looking horses, then the whip

was cracked and off it drove across the soft track through the wheatfields to the gleaming waters of the lake.

"So here you are. I can't believe it," said Hamish Macneill, as he took the reins in his unsteady hand. "Mother, you look older, but you, Marget, are bonnier than ever. What a day this is for me and Tom! He's as near beside himself as I am. Mother, you'll need to make room in your heart for him too, for his own mother died in the spring, and he has never been the same since."

Hamish Macneill's mother never spoke. It was all more than she could bear. To look upon her son's dear face was enough and more. Hamish seeing that, turned to Marget and pointed out all the beauties of the land, and presently showed her the gleam of the white painted house among the trees. They came to it in silence, and when the weary woman who had been homeless so long, living in sufferance under another's rooftree, saw the home her son had prepared for her, she clasped her hands upon her knee, and her lips moved.

"Oh, Hamish, what a bonnie place; what a dear little home! Mother, look at the red creepers on

the verandah and the curtains at the window. Curtains! Mother, where did men get them?"

"They're Tom's. He made them," said Hamish, with a laugh. "It took him a week to get the hang of them, and then he said you'd make fun of them."

"They're lovely; and what a nice man he must be. Is that him coming?"

"Yes, and he's got on his best clothes. Not much to look at, but some of us haven't had any clothes since we came except dollar suits of canvas for the summer."

"Oh, Hamish," said Marget reprovingly, and all the time her eyes were on Tom Jeffreys' face.

Then the buggy stopped, and they got down. Mrs Macneill turned to the man, whom she loved already because of the love he had shown to her son; and after one look she kissed him as he had been her own.

"God bless you, my lad. I would thank you if I could."

It was a hard moment for Tom Jeffreys, but he got through it manfully. Then while the two busied themselves about the horses with unwonted emotion, the women stood still and looked around them with delighted eyes. The place was looking very fair, and the sunset glow had a kindly light.

Three Pictures.

"Bairns," said Hamish Macneill's mother—and there was that in her voice that arrested them all, a note of peace and gladness which would not be stilled—"it has been a long, sair journey, and it's far beyond all my expectation. Praise God that He has given us another home as dear and bonnie as the one we left."

FROM AN ETCHING. JAMES CADENHEAD.

THE MEAL-POKE.

WAT. MILLER · 1903 .
— FISHER FOLK —

"GIB" AT DAWN.

HIGH in the west there hangs a silver moon,
A chill wind filters from the Spanish hills,
In purple shadow lies the Atlas range,
A crimson glory all the eastward fills.

Clear-cut and black against the eastern glow
A great ship's sails stretch on the tapering masts,
A stillness holds the air, the silent sea
Spreads golden-tinted while the sunrise lasts.

Afar to the nor'-east, grey, massive, strange,
The huge rock thrusts its mass into the deep,
Like some huge sentinel, a drowsing guard,
Which yet by day and night his watch doth keep.

A blurred and misty outline, faint and grey,
Yet looming vast, a great and mighty cliff,
Facing the south and east, where, grim and weird,
Tower the wild mountains of the untamed Riff.

"Gib" at Dawn.

The morning brightens, from the ocean's rim
  Rises old Sol, and casts his rays afar;
The shadows vanish, snowy canvas gleams
  On every yard, on every sun-tipped spar.

White at the bases of the distant hills,
  Lo! Tangiers, old and savage Tetuan;
Fair Algeciras nestles on her bay;
  Upon the rock behold the works of man.

Rampart and battery, the ports of galleries,
  The signal flag-staff, lean, against the sky;
The clustering dwellings and the winding paths,
  The grim gun muzzles grinning from on high.

Away beyond, the long Sierras run,
  White as though whitened by the nesting gull;
Ere busy day resumes her wonted sway
  Falls there the peaceful, customary lull.

The hush of early dawn, the chill of morn,
  The fading moon, the restful idleness,
The warrior rock lifting his rugged crest,
  And frowning on the morning's rosiness.

ANDREW BALFOUR.

ANNIE.

By HUME NISBET.

ANNIE was the sole title which this wayfarer gave in that temporary refuge. She hinted occasionally that it was better we should not know her surname, as it might be painful for aristocratic and wealthy relations to be associated with her present decline of fortune, and she had too great a love for truth to pass herself about with an alias, so that we respected her cherished secrets and took her former greatness for granted, as she modestly desired.

Her age was a little uncertain, being well into the thirties; her figure was thin and plank-like,

and her complexion well seasoned by many a sun, many buffeting blasts, with other colouring causes not at present needful to mention. But she was agile and energetic so long as novelty recommended the task to her; looked cleanly, and made the most of her dilapidated garments.

She had drifted one winter evening into the Cadger's Ken, where I met her in the character of domestic slavey and general hanger-on; she had paid for her first night's lodgings, but having no more money and nothing left to pawn, and being besides active and adaptable, she had made herself useful to the landlady and therefore stayed on, not exactly hired or paid for her services, but allowed house room, odd sips out of the casual customers' beer-mugs, and the free run of the tap-room, that is the cadgers' apartment, after her day's work was over.

She had been thus stationary at this resting-place for eight or nine weeks, and doing her duty remarkably well, which was singular for one of her migratory habits; of course if she had been regularly hired as a servant, or thought for a moment that what she did was duty, it would have become irksome immediately, and no uncertainty nor hardship would have hindered her from bolting. But

the simple fact that she was free to go away any morning, also that beyond her food and those occasional tastes of beer she got no other reward, rendered her docile and accommodating. The landlord alternately cajoled or bullied her, but watched her like a cat, giving her no chance of pilfering. The landlady sympathised with her in her fallen state, and listened with a trusting simplicity to her highly-coloured reminiscences, while gently luring her on to work, and never interfered with her habits so long as the other lodgers were agreeable. Therefore Annie, for the first time, was fairly contented with her lot, and willing to stay on and air her graces with the temporary guests.

She was a great favourite with the lodgers, for, being good-tempered and slavishly subservient to anything in the shape of a man, she was always ready to beg, steal for, or pander to any one who took her fancy for the moment; and she seemed to like best the man who was the most brutal and thankless for the favours she bestowed upon him. She had no sense of gratitude, and could not comprehend it in others. I think she was never so happy as when fawning upon some masterly slunge for whom she had pilfered something outside.

I had ample opportunities of studying this char-

acteristic type of cadgerdom, for when I arrived at the Cadger's Ken it was a very severe snow storm, which kept me from moving on for over three weeks. I had a little money saved, and got an odd job clearing the snow from the door-steps during this interval, so that Annie and myself became great friends.

In fact, we were a merry company altogether at this ken. The landlord was an old soldier, who liked to listen to songs or anecdotes; and, as a number of us could sing, while nearly all could tell stories, the nights passed cheerily, for I don't think there is a more highly-gifted individual in the way of imagination than the professional tramp, nor indeed many who have keener eyes for the beauties of nature.

Annie, however, eclipsed us all in these gifts. She gave me her confidence very soon, and told me that her uncle was a baronet, and a very important member of the Privy Council. Her father also had been very wealthy, and had educated her abroad at private schools. She had also been all over the world, having travelled at one period as companion to Lady Brassey, and she told me a great deal about the "Sunbeam," which astonished me very much.

Annie.

She had been thrice married, but forced, through the cruelty of her different husbands, to run away from them, leaving them to look after her separate families, which, however, did not appear to trouble her volatile mind greatly. Not that she was by any means emotionless. She could weep copiously, or she could be dignified, severely virtuous or disgustingly ribald as the mood suited her, or as the moment called the particular passion into play. Yet, as far as I could read this grown-up child of nature, she was sincere enough in all her moods while they lasted, except at such times when they were palpably feigned for the obvious purpose of imposing upon some charitable simpleton.

It was the custom of Annie to skip with amazing rapidity from one subject or scene in her reminiscences to another. She did not countenance inquisitive questions about anything she related; but would either lose her temper and retire into sullen silence for a time if asked for more particulars, or else vivaciously silence the questioners by dashing off into another scene. She mentioned the names of foreign ports where she had been with a fluency and correctness which was almost convincing, and would have been altogether convincing if she had not also informed me that she had

knocked about the English shipping towns a good deal. It was only afterwards, when she showed me one of her own letters, that I doubted the fact of the foreign boarding schools, her uncle in the Privy Council, the diary which she said she kept along with Lady Brassey, and her extensive touring abroad—(that specimen of caligraphy I produce in its proper place). Indeed, before I said goodbye to Annie, I doubted everything she had related to me, except the three husbands and the eight children which she had deserted. I am inclined to believe that they were at least founded to some extent upon facts, for she had a decided weakness and admiration for the male sex in general, and was never happy unless amusing a room full of free and easy pilgrims.

About this time there was a great deal of speculation amongst us about General Booth's salvation scheme, and the vast sums of money he was raising for our special benefit, so that we had a large increase of wanderers who paused for a night or so on their way up to London. They all wanted to have their share of the £100,000, and although none of them were over-hopeful about handling much of it, still it was a novelty, and a tramp will go a long way to enjoy a fresh sensation.

Annie, with her usual short-lived enthusiasm, was fired with this idea of becoming respectable, and talked of nothing except giving some charitable follower of the General's the opportunity of redeeming her, vowing that if she got the chance she would become a staid member of society, and turn over a new leaf, with her fourth husband.

There was an old cadger who joined us on the night of Annie's new resolve, and told her that he knew an innocent couple who were just the sort to give her the chance she wanted, and who lived close at hand. So next morning Annie washed her face, tidied her hair, and went off hopefully to apply for the situation; and having a really good specimen of philanthropist to practise upon, she was taken in, clothed, and treated like one of the family, and trusted the same as if she had carried with her a first-class certificate.

Annie did her work the first day delightfully, and came up to the ken for a half-hour in the evening to relate her experiences, and comfort her admirers with a good-sized bundle of cold meat and bread, which she had managed to smuggle out unknown to her benefactors. The second night she appeared, still highly pleased with her situation, and laden with a larger bundle of smuggled articles

of a more miscellaneous nature. They were really so good to her in that place, and trusted her so utterly, that she could not resist the temptation of taking whatever she could lay her hands on, to make presents of to her old companions.

Annie was happy in her reformation, and therefore spread her happiness around freely.

On the third night she came with a pretty complete wardrobe which her foolishly benevolent mistress had bestowed upon her: a long imitation sealskin mantle, a couple of dresses and other feminine articles to match, which she displayed to us proudly. They had fed her up so well that she had made herself ill and bilious with overgorging, and in consequence was discontented, and not nearly so genial as she had been on the previous visits. She grumbled at the restraint of servitude, the regularity of hours, and the having to return so early at night.

On the fourth evening she came in with a relieved air, dressed in her old rags, and with her finery and a few sundries which she had picked up before leaving, all tied within one large bundle. The curbs and restraints of respectability had been too much for Annie, so she had quarrelled with her benefactors, demanded her wages for the four days' service, and left them gracelessly in the lurch.

She was deliriously exhilarated that night, for she had plundered the Egyptians pretty successfully, was once more amongst her own kind, and dressed in her own rags, with money sufficient to enjoy herself for the hour, and a haul to leave at the first pawnbroker's in the morning. So she made herself patroness of the ken, and treated all round to pots of beer lavishly.

Next morning she was off once more on the road with a couple of burly tramps as companions, to help her to carry and liquidate her large bundle of presented and stolen articles, thankful that she had shaken off the fetters of servitude, and without a sentiment of gratitude for the mistaken charity bestowed upon her, nor any remorse for leaving them in the lurch so suddenly. However, at the entreaties of the landlady, she left the farewell letter which I spoke about as a softener to any disappointment her benefactors might feel over the breakdown of their charitable attempt to cure what was incurable. This letter we all read over at the request of the writer, for she was vain, and wanted to prove to us that she had not been romancing when she told us that she had been so highly educated abroad, and still knew how to write politely. I reproduce it as written:—

"Kagers Ken

"DEIR MADHAM,

"i Hope yur will forgive this Liberty of riting to yur But i feelt it a Duty after your Kindness to me why i Cum away i thort i had made you very Cros and Master was cros with me i thort it Better to cum for a day or so if you Lick i will come all togher if you will plese forgive me if i have sad or dun Anything to ofend you but thank Gord no one Con say i am dishonest or Laisy or Dirty. My Deir Madham i Remine

"your obident servent,

"ANNIE."

. . . . . .

I did not see Annie after her departure from the Ken, for our ways lay in different directions, but I heard about her.

She had wandered down to the river and taken up with a bargee, whose missus had grown tired of the nautical life and ran away, leaving him and his mate to look after a two-year-old baby. Therefore Annie's maternal instincts woke up, and right willingly she took the little charge in hand.

He was a pretty little chap that mother-abandoned baby, and I heard that Annie did her step-mother

duty well—as well, if not better, than if she had never abandoned children of her own. It is the manner of these cuckoo-like human wanderers to be extravagantly emotional about novelties and strangers.

She was to be seen on deck during the daytime with that golden-haired boy, dangling him in her arms, and singing to him the ditties she had learned at tramps' houses and taverns, with her weather-beaten face glowing with content and motherly affection—a transfigured Annie, in fact—and looking almost interesting, with the fresh river wind tossing her thin tresses about, and her angular arms filled out by that chubby, boisterous boy.

The men at nights left her to watch the moored craft, while they went to their favourite tavern, but they were good-natured, if rough fellows, and did not often forget to bring the stone jar filled with beer on their return, which made things pleasant all round. Annie never grudged staying with the little fellow, and rocking him to sleep before the caboose stove, for the situation was new to her, and she was fated never to grow tired of it.

"We quarrelled and parted all about a bloater, me and my last man," she said when confidential in her cups. "He was a mean 'un,

and only used to lay in one for hisself, and that no woman of sperrut could abear. But these boys ain't mean, neither with their meat nor drink."

It was one night in late autumn, tempestuous and gusty, that the event happened which settled Annie's matrimonial difficulties, and transformed her into a veritable heroine.

The bargee and his mate had left Annie and the child in charge of the empty barge, while they went on shore, according to their usual custom, to regale themselves, promising to be back at closing time. Annie was content to wait, for the little fellow wasn't so well that night, and required a good deal of attention.

The moon showed out at times from the heavy banks and billows of clouds, which rose up blackly before it, or scudded wildly over it like rushing breakers. The river also tossed the heavy barge about, and chafed the moorings against the posts. The night was restless, as was the child on her knee.

At last little Billy slept calmly, and she could lay him in the egg-box, which served him for a cradle, then, seeing that he was not likely to want her, she crawled from the stuffy cabin to the deck to get a breath of fresh air and look about her.

A good deal had happened while she had been

nursing that fractious child to sleep. The mooring ropes had been frayed through and snapped, setting the boat free, so that now it was swinging about aimlessly on that swiftly flowing tide, and well in the centre of the stream.

Annie knew a little, but not much, about the navigating of that bulky craft, therefore she sprang to the tiller and tried her best to steer the barge towards the nearest shore, without much success, for she had not been long enough on board to be instructed in this duty.

A horrible fear crept through her as they swept into the blackness—fear, to her credit, not so much for herself as for the little one now sleeping so peacefully below. Now and again a faint streak of light burst through the heavy clouds and showed her other shapeless objects on that gurgling and swirling tide, then blackness again fell upon them, intensified by that howling of winds and sobbing of waters. A bump also at times nearly flung her from her feet, as the barge struck against some of these unseen obstacles, which made it spin round and go for a time broad-way, until it could right itself. Then Annie shrieked and moaned with the sickening dread of her own utter helplessness, blended with terror for the unconscious child.

"We shall be drownded, I know," she gasped, as she stared, with dilated eyes, in front of her.

She did not look behind her, to where the great danger was coming, its snorting unheard by reason of the sound of wind in her ears; only in front she glared, where she could see nothing.

All at once the barge bumped violently against an impediment and flung Annie on her face, while it swung round, presenting its long side to the huge steamer which was rushing onward. Then, before Annie could recover herself, the damage was done, the barge a wreck, and the steamer far ahead.

Blackness buried them still for a moment or so longer, while the water rushed into the broken sides, and the barge began to settle down, and then the stupor of the shock left Annie, and with it the deadly fear for her own life which had so long chilled her. It was only the child she could think about now, and how she could save it.

To rush below, snatch up egg-box and baby, and reappear, was the work of a maternal instinctive moment; then, as she came up again, the moon burst out from the clouds with a sudden effulgence and revealed the position of affairs.

The barge was sinking. It would be under water in a few more minutes, and where they now were

"POSSIBLY SHE SAW THE BOAT . . . PICK UP THE CHILD." ("Annie," p. 65) HUME NISBET.

the river lay wide and deserted, with its distant, low banks, with far to the rear the distant shipping, and in front that swiftly lessening steamer. The forebodings of Annie had not been false. She was doomed to a watery grave.

Then it was that Annie did the thing which made us all so proud of her, and caused the bargee and his mate to break down when they spoke of her afterwards. She took the shawl from her own shoulders, and, tucking the still sleeping Billy inside his box-crib, knelt down and laid him gently on the waters, and saw him, like a second little Moses, float away.

She remained kneeling after this, watching the frail craft as it danced along, with the white moon beating down upon it, all heedless of the waters that were rushing over her knees. Possibly she saw the boat that had put off from the shore pick up the child, but, if she did, it must have been only when the waters had reached her chin, and before the barge took the final plunge, carrying her down with it. Then the moon also disappeared behind the heavy breakers of cloud.

A SCOTTISH NATIONAL SONG DEALING WITH THE NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF ENGLISHMEN & OTHER FOREIGNERS

THE PAWKIE DUKE.

With Spirit
There
5.
aince was a very pawkie Duke, Far kent for his jookerie pawkerie. Who
owned a hoose wi' a grand out-look, a gairden and a rockery.

He dwalt far up a Heelant glen,
  Where the foamin' flood and the crag is;
He dined each day on the usquebae,
  And he washed it doon wi' haggis.
Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
  Hoot! Ay! And a haggis!
For that's the way the Heelanters dae
  Where the foamin' flood and the crag is!

The Pawkie Duke.

He wore a sporran and a dirk,
  And a beard like besom bristles;
He was an elder o' the kirk,
  And he hated kists o' whistles.
Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
  And doon on kists o' whistles!
They're a' red-heidit fowk up North,
  Wi' beards like besom bristles.

Syne ilka four hoors through the day
  He took a muckle jorum,
And when the gloamin' gathered grey
  Got fou wi' great decorum.
Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
  Blin' fou wi' great decorum;
There ne'er were males amang the Gaels
  But loe'd a muckle jorum.

His hair was red as ony rose,
  His legs were lang and bony;
He had a hoast and a rubbin'-post,
  And a buskit cockernony.
Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
  And a buskit cockernony;
Ye ne'er will ken true Heelantmen
  Who'll own they hadna ony.

The Pawkie Duke.

And aye afore he socht his bed
He danced the Gillie Callum,
Then wi's Kilmarnock owre his neb
Nae evil could befall him.
Hech! Mon! a pawkie Duke!
What evil could befall him,
When he cast his buits and soopled his cuits
Wi a guid-gaun Gillie Callum?

Noo, if he met a Cockney loon
A-tour in Caledonia,
He garred him lilt in a cotton kilt
Till he had an acute pneumonia.
Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
And a Sassenach wi' pneumonia;
He lat him feel that the Land o' the Leal
Is gey near Caledonia.

But they brocht a joke—they did indeed!
Ae day for his eedification,
And they needed to trephine his heid,
So he deed o' the operation.
Ochone! The pawkie Duke!
Waes me for the operation!
For weel-a-wot this typical Scot
Was a michty loss to the nation!

Lines

scratched on an old

Lobster-tin.

By a Schoolboy. Found on a Rubbish-heap.

The lobster's good for all, with health endowed,
But if dyspeptic 'twill your slumbers crowd
With nightmares horrible and figures vile,
Though, when you wake, you'll find it's only bile!

THE DYER'S HAND.

By JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE most tragical words in all literature are Shakespeare's complaint—

> **"And almost thence my nature is subdued**
> **To what it works in like the dyer's hand."**

Why should these words appear so tragical?

That this paragon should have been dependent on playing and on the writing of plays for a living!

I am certain it was not his occupation itself that perturbed Shakespeare; but the mere fact of his having to work for a livelihood. Had he been a provision-dealer, a stockbroker, a professor, a banker, a surgeon, Shakespeare would have complained of the dyer's hand. It was his dependence that galled him. He never forgave Fortune that he was not a gentleman.

> **"He was one of Nature's gentlemen."**

The phrase "Nature's gentlemen" has always seemed to me the most pitiful pretence. If by Nature you mean Fate and Fortune, all gentlemen are of course Nature's gentlemen. Shakespeare

was not one of them. What is a gentleman?

A man of birth, breeding, and affluence. There are very few gentlemen.

But was it not inferior in Shakespeare to be discontented with his lot?

I leave that question to the moral censor. I am certain Shakespeare was jealous not of gentlemen only, but of Kings and Emperors; and if he had possessed an income of a thousand pounds a day he would have felt himself robbed so long as another could boast of an income of a thousand guineas a day. It was the will of Shakespeare, as it is of all men, to be king.

Pardon! It is not, and never was, my will.

You think so, because your self-consciousness has not been broached yet. When that tap is set running men learn what vintage they are of. To be king! To be the highest; to have all power, all wealth; to be absolutely inviolable!

And the anarchist's bomb, the revolutionist's bullet?

Nothing: like typhoid and pneumonia, forms of death, and not always fatal. A man must have been sick for years with the dream of kingship before he can be interesting.

PENSIVE THOUGHTS. ALEC GRIEVE.

THE MEAL-POKE.

SUMMER MOONLIGHT—MOSSGIEL. W. D. MACKAY.

THE MEAL-POKE.

THE YOUNG ANATOMIST. STEWART CARMICHAEL.

THE MEAL-POKE.

EAST AND WEST IN THE BALKANS. CHAS. H. MACKIE.

THE MEAL-POKE.

DEMETER & PERSEPHONE:

A Lyric Drama of the Seasons.

By T. M. DAVIDSON.

"*. . . . . that fair field*
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world."

—PARADISE LOST.

Demeter and Persephone.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

DEMETER (*Ceres*), ... Goddess of the Earth.
PERSEPHONE (*Proserpina*), . Daughter of Demeter.
PLUTO (*Dis*), ... King of Hades.
HELIOS (*Apollo*), ... Sun-God.
HERMES (*Mercury*), ... Messenger of the Gods.
GREEK MAIDENS.

SCENES: *Sicily, Hades, Olympus, Eleusis.*

SCENE I.—*Near home of Demeter in Sicily. Early morning.*

(*Chorus behind the scenes.*)
Awake! awake! awake!
(*Enter maidens.*) Persephone! Persephone!
Thou joy of Enna's vale,
For thee the matin song of birds
Resounds o'er hill and dale.
Awake! awake! Persephone!
Awake! awake! awake!

Persephone! Persephone!
For thee the flowers are spread;
Blue hyacinth, the lily sweet,
And roses white and red.
Awake! awake! Persephone!
Awake! awake! awake!

Demeter and Persephone.

Persephone! Persephone!
Come greet the radiant morn.
For thee the rays of Helios bright
The hills and vales adorn.
Awake! awake! Persephone!
Awake! awake! awake!

(*Enter Persephone; all kneel; Persephone in front.*)

(*Persephone.*) Helios, glorious and divine!
To thee our prayers ascend;
Thine orb awakes to life and love,
And darkness hath an end.

(*Chorus.*) O Lord of Light,
And Strength of Day,
Thy glorious might
And power display!

Helios, golden and divine!
Triumphant over night;
Thy golden beams be our defence
From foes that fear the light.

(*Chorus.*)

Helios! Guard us while we cull
The flowers in Enna's vale,
Till sinks thine orb in ruddy flame,
And twilight shades prevail.

(*Chorus.*)

Demeter and Persephone.

(*Enter Demeter: she embraces Persephone; maidens rise.*)

(*Chorus.*) Hail! hail! Demeter, hail!
Fair Goddess of the vine;
The flowers and fruits of earth.
Are thine, Demeter, thine!
Hail! hail! hail! hail!

(*Demeter.*) Daughter of Gods, I rule the earth.
From me the fruits and flowers have birth:
The fragrant rose, the blushing vine,
The glow of flower and leaf is mine,
The verdant vale and fruitful field
To Mother Earth their tribute yield;
Goddess of Earth and Queen of Flowers,
Mine is the joy of harvest hours.

(*Chorus as above.*)

(*Demeter.*) But sweetest flower of Gods to me
My gentle child, Persephone!
Fairer than rose or lily sweet,
The flowers rejoice her form to greet;
Fairer than dawn when morning breaks,
And Helios' light to life awakes.
O Father Zeus, and consort mine,
Guard her, I pray, my child and thine!

(*Demeter and Persephone embrace.*)

(*Chorus to dancing movement.*)

Away! away! away! away!
The hues of morn the hills adorn,
The vales are bathed in radiant light,
The flowers unfold their petals bright,
And all to life and love awake.
Away, away, fresh garlands make.
Away! away! away!

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—*Hades. Shades in dark robes move about in the background. Enter Pluto.*

(*Pluto.*) Great Father, on Olympus' height!
In dark domain I rule alone;
I crave Persephone as Queen
And consort for my royal throne.
Give ear, O Zeus!
Against thy power no might avails;
Thy will, Almighty Zeus, prevails.

Dim is the realm of shade below,
Hid from the rays of Helios bright;
Grant my desire, and in the gloom
Persephone shall be my light.
Give ear, O Zeus!

Send now thy messenger in haste,
Wing'd Hermes, who obeys thy will,
To bring the maid, Persephone,
And all my joy and prayer fulfil!
Give ear, O Zeus!

Curtain.]

SCENE III.—*Vale of Enna.*

(*Enter Persephone and maidens dancing.*)

(*Chorus.*) Oh the joy of life and morning!
Tra, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!
Birds are warbling, brooklets flowing,
Balmy southern breezes blowing.
Tra, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!

Oh the joy of love and laughter!
Tra, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!
Fill the fleeting hours with gladness;
Banish thoughts of care and sadness!
Tra, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!

(*Persephone retires; the maidens gather flowers and sing.*)

Gather flowers and verdant grasses,
Tra, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!
Gather roses, sweet and radiant;
Gather lilies, fresh and fragrant!
Tra, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!

(*The maidens discover that Persephone has gone; they search around; one calls her name.*)

(*Solo—recit.*) Persephone! Persephone!
Where dost thou hide, Persephone?
(*Chorus.*) Persephone! (*Echo*) Persephone! (*twice.*)

(*The maidens become alarmed and retire.*)

(*Chorus behind the scenes.*)
Persephone! (*Echo*) Persephone! (*twice.*)
[*Curtain.*]

Scene IV.—*Near Demeter's Home. Evening. Sounds of grief in the distance: Demeter rises, apprehensive.*

(*Demeter—recit.*)
What doleful sound falls on mine ear?
What mean these cries and sobbings wild?
Heralds of woe to mother's heart—
Persephone! my child! my child!

(*Enter maidens, dejected; they prostrate themselves around Demeter.*)

(*Demeter—recit.*)
Speak, maidens! Speak!
My daughter! Where is she?
Some ill my heart forbodes
Hath chanc'd Persephone.
Speak! Speak!

(*Chorus.*) Woe, woe, to us! O, Mother Earth!
Woe to the day that gave us birth!
May Zeus reveal thy daughter's flight,
Since she hath vanished from our sight.
Woe, woe, to us! Woe, woe, to thee!
Alas! alas! Persephone!

(*Maidens continue kneeling, while Demeter curses the earth.*)

(*Demeter.*) Cursed be the hour that wrought this woe,
And left me, desolate, to mourn.
Cursed be the fruits and flowers of earth
Until Persephone return.
(*Chorus.*) Return, Persephone, return!

(*Demeter.*) A curse upon the fragrant field,
A curse upon the waving corn,
A curse upon the tender herb,
Until Persephone return. (*Chorus.*)

(*Demeter.*) A curse upon the joys of love,
Its rapture into loathing turn;
A curse upon the springs of life,
Until Persephone return. (*Chorus.*)

[*Curtain.*]

Demeter and Persephone.

SCENE V.—*Olympus. Demeter, in black robe, kneeling in beseeching attitude to Helios.*

(*Demeter.*) Helios, whose beams illume the world!
Thou Source of Day and Lord of Light!
Have pity on a mother's woe,
Reveal to me my daughter's flight!

(*Helios.*) Demeter, Goddess of the Earth!
No deed is hidden from my sight;
My chariot rolls through clouds of morn,
My rays uplift the pall of night.

When from the ocean bed I rise
My shafts dispel the sparkling dew;
My beams awake the sleeping vales,
And all from ether heights I view.

(*Demeter rises and stretches out her arms beseechingly.*)

Know thou, within that dark domain,
Where never light of day hath been,
By Pluto's side in sunless realm
Persephone doth reign his Queen!

[*Demeter swoons. Curtain.*]

Demeter and Persephone.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Hades. Pluto and Persephone throned in the foreground. Enter Hermes.*

(*Hermes.*) Pluto, King of the dark abode,
Where is no sound of joy or mirth,
Know thou the will of Father Zeus—
"Persephone returns to earth!"

The fields are barren for her sake,
Cursed by a mother's matchless love;
The flowers are wither'd, birds are dumb,
E'en Helios' orb is dimmed above.

"Demeter's curse shall have an end!"
Thus doth almighty Zeus decree;
The earth anew shall bear its fruit
With thy return, Persephone!

(*Pluto rises, holding a pomegranate in his right hand, and with his left clasps the right hand of Persephone.*)

(*Pluto.*) Thou messenger of Gods divine!
I, too, must yield to Jove's decree;
Yet in the gloom of Hades dim
My Queen was sun and star to me.

(*Pluto hands the pomegranate to Persephone, who rises to receive it.*)

Light of my soul, Persephone!
For thee I shall not mourn in vain;
For, by this pledge of fruit divine,
Thou shalt return to me again!

(*Persephone.*) My Lord! A dual bliss
The Gods to me impart:
A mother's changeless love,
A consort's faithful heart.

I go to bless the earth,
Its grief to gladness turn;
Farewell, my gracious Lord!
Farewell, till I return!

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—*Eleusis. Demeter in grief, seated near a fountain. Enter Persephone.*

(*Persephone—recit.*) Demeter, Mother mine!
(*Demeter, rising—recit.*) Persephone, my child!

Demeter and Persephone.

(*Demeter throws aside her robe; they embrace. Warbling of birds rises in the distance.*)

(*Chorus behind the scenes.*)

Tra, la, la, la, la!
Tra, la, la, la, la!
Birds singing cheerily,
Brooks flowing merrily,
Welcome Persephone,
Queen of the Spring!
Tra, la, la, la, la!

(*Persephone.*) Demeter, Goddess, Mother mine!
I come as bird unto its nest;
There is no joy like love restored,
No shelter like a mother's breast.
Demeter, Mother mine!

(*Demeter.*) Persephone! Persephone!
Now Zeus hath pity on my woe,
No more for thee my heart shall mourn,
No more for thee my tears shall flow,
Persephone, my own!

(*Enter Chorus.*)

Hail! hail! Divine Demeter hail!
Hail! hail! the Joy of Enna's Vale!
Hail! hail! hail! hail!

Demeter and Persephone.

(*Persephone is crowned with a garland of leaves.*)

(*Chorus.*) Garland of leaves, first fruits of earth,
To thee, Persephone, we bring;
Queen of the Shades in Hades dim
We crown thee now the Queen of Spring!
Hail! hail! hail! hail!

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.—*Near home of Demeter. Autumn. Leaves on the ground. Demeter and Persephone seated. Maidens standing around. Enter Hermes.*

(*Hermes.*) Goddess of Earth, Demeter, hail!
Hail, Pluto's Queen, Persephone!
From vasty halls of Zeus I come,
The messenger of destiny.

Unwilling slave of Fate, I come
To bear thee hence, Persephone;
The coal black steeds are at the gates,
And Pluto waits to welcome thee.

(*Chorus.*) Persephone! Persephone!
The hour of thy departure's nigh;
Earth wears a garb of heaviness,
And Helios' orb grows dim on high.
Farewell, farewell, Persephone!

Yet shall it be, as seasons roll,
The child shall learn at mother's knee
That Spring returns and flowers awake
To greet thee, fair Persephone!
Farewell, farewell, Persephone!

(Persephone rises, leans her head on Demeter's shoulder, and takes the hand of Hermes.)

And all shall feel the Winter's gloom
With thy departure from the earth;
Yet each return shall whisper hope,
And melancholy change to mirth.
Farewell, farewell, Persephone!
Farewell, farewell, farewell!

[*Curtain.*]

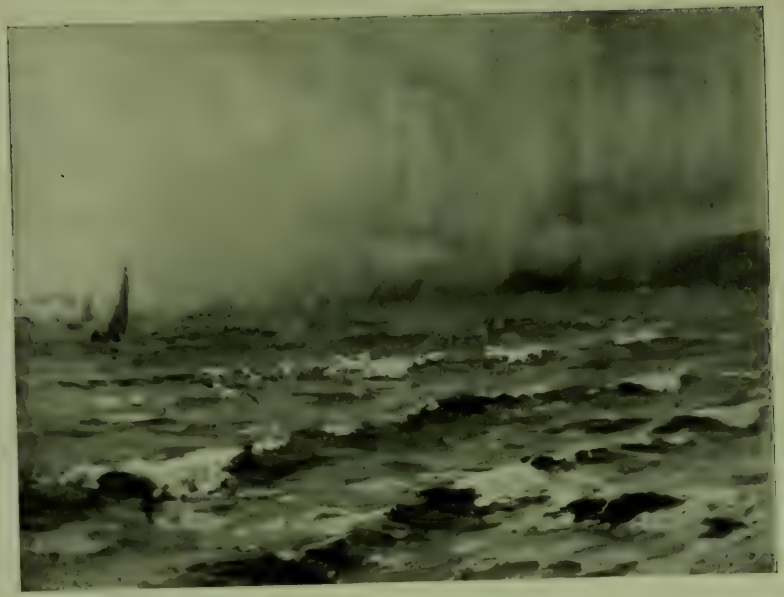
A CLASSIC FRAGMENT. CHAS. H. MACKIE.

THE MEAL-POKE.

A NATIVE OF THE BASS.

J. THORBURN ROSS.

THE MEAL-POKE.



SEASCAPE. J. CAMPBELL NOBLE.

THE MEAL-POKE.

THE BALLAD OF DUNDEE COLLEGE.

SOME vaunt old Oxford's learned halls,
Some Cambridge "Backs," so green and pretty;
Some Edinburgh's frowning walls,
Or even old St Mungo's city.
Some praise grey, glistening Aberdeen,
Or laud St Andrews by the sea;
Unenvious, with a heart serene,
I sing the College of Dundee.

Let Edinburgh, haughty dame,
Jeer at our lofty chimneys smoking!
Auld Reekie's her ancestral name,
And quite as ancient is her joking.
And Glasgow College, growing grey,
Above dull Kelvin's muddy waters,
Is jealous, thinking on our Tay,
And all her tributary daughters.

The Ballad of Dundee College.

Though Oxford's Tower, of orders five,
  Gives scope for many a learned lecture,
Yet Dundee College is alive,
  With every style of architecture.
King's College chapel vast may be;
  To cope with facts like this we're able.
We owned a church as big as three,
  Where now we've built a Tower of Babel.

A stranger now, I pass this way,
  Gaze through the ancient low-set railing,
Admire the rhododendrons gay,
  Lament the elmtrees' steady failing.
And catch a glint, like gleam of dawn,
  The scarlet where some lady student
Has spread her gown upon the lawn
  Artistic, otiose, and prudent.

Here years ago I entered in,
  To learn of Greek and Roman story,
And climb the silent stair to win
  Discourse on themes not quite so hoary.
And still the same old bell is rung,
  Still ebbs and flows the tide of knowledge.
While we are ageing, she is young!
  Sic semper floreat!—The College!!

M. H. Roberton.

IN QUAINT CUXHAVEN.

By H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

HOW often does one, surprising himself in some unexpected place or act, ask, Have I really come here of my free will? Is it I who does this thing, or am I the mere pawn of some invisible player, who lets me imagine all the time that I do everything on my own initiation? Although I knew that I had come to meet an old Freiburg colleague, some such feeling possessed me when I found myself in quaint Cuxhaven instead of in fashionable Norderney, as I at one time intended.

Cuxhaven is the Queenstown of Germany, the point of departure of the great Hamburg-American liners. But the passengers who embark or

disembark at Cuxhaven see no more of what I call quaint Cuxhaven than if it were a buried city. In one sense indeed it is buried, and lies in ambush behind the mile-long dyke that keeps the great North Sea at bay. From the Leith steamer, entering the mouth of the Elbe, Cuxhaven looks as if a child had stuck down a number of new dolls' houses in a long and random row. Over a stretch of several miles we see these tall slim white blocks, like some new township in Australia or America, planned the day before yesterday, and begun by adventurous prospectors at different points. But these are not quaint Cuxhaven, but merely the upper storeys of the hotels.

Cuxhaven is divided into *two* parts—the strand, which we can see from seaward, dotted with numerous shore basket-chairs (*Strand Korbe*) and a few lonely-looking bathing machines; and the village, of which hardly the chimney-tops are visible. Presently we can make out the bathing establishments in the foreshore, and the water tower and lighthouse of the harbour of Cuxhaven. Later on the harbour opens out, and we see the shipping and the two piers, *die alte Liebe*, to which the smaller craft are held—*die neue*, where the great liners lie to receive passengers for America.

But of the real Cuxhaven, lying *perdu* behind its great dyke, we see little or nothing.

Before any attempt to describe this coyest of towns, it is well to recall the fact that it is in Friesland, the calf country of a large part of the British race. The very language still resembles our own, and it is almost startling to hear the villagers call to each other "all right" and "good morning," or something that sounds very like.

On the top of the dyke runs a footway, and, walking along it, one has on one hand the harbour and strand, and on the other, sunk a storey and a half, the streets and shops of the business town, which, mostly new, presents few points of difference from any newly-built German town. Further along the strand from the harbour, one begins to look down upon the sides and backs of the houses, where the town folk live, and whither the *bath guest* is invited by numerous printed cards to betake himself. But quaint Cuxhaven still refuses fully to reveal itself, and rather rudely turns its back and profile to the dyke to which it owes its existence.

But let us go down one of the precipitous-looking flights of steps in the inside of the dyke, and walk a few paces into the Landstrasse, or the "short cut," and what do we see? An inland *English*

village, which might be in Cambridge or Oxfordshire or any of the eastern counties. There are the same thatched and gabled houses, with brightly flowering cottage gardens, the same pond, the same duckweed, and the same ditch. There are the same rows of willows along the same sluggish streams, and the same lichen-engrained barns and outhouses. The sea has disappeared and is no longer heard, and we can hardly believe in its proximity. Further along the road we find a church and windmill that might once have stood in Norfolk or Suffolk. Even the restaurations do not seem quite foreign, and the landlord has something of the old-world host about him. The dress of the peasants and workmen does little to distinguish them from the same classes in Anglia, and the sound of their speech recalls some country dialect in England.

The sea and the voyage seem far behind us, we fancy ourselves in the heart of England; so strangely familiar does one feel in the old Home of the Race.

MOONLIGHT OVER THE VILLAGE.

MOONLIGHT over the village,
As soft as moonlight may be,
And a silver mist on the river
As far as the eye can see.

Away in the dim, sweet uplands,
The golden shadow of grain
Lies like a newer glory
Come back to the earth again.

Silence, but for the cricket,
As I pace the street along;
He wakens up by the firelight,
And carols his household song.

Moonlight over the Village.

Above, the moon in her splendour
  Moves through the starry night;
But the stars themselves grow paler
  And faint in the spell of her might.

The very sound of my footstep
  Seems to echo, and sink, and die;
And my heart is busy with questions
  To which I cannot reply.

Moonlight over the village,
  And silence up on the hill;
But the dead in the dear old churchyard
  They sleep, and are quieter still.

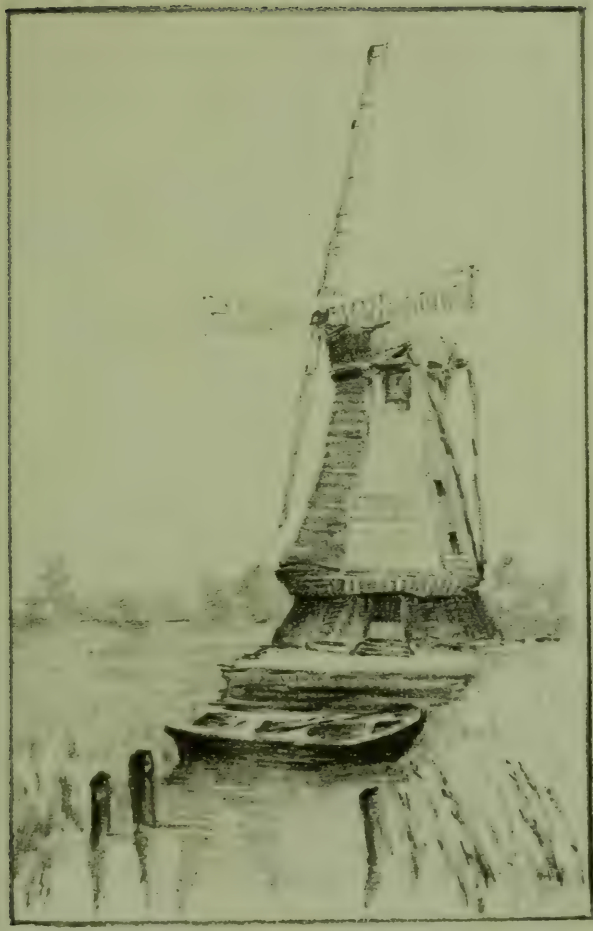
ALEXANDER ANDERSON
("Surfaceman").

STRUAN BRIDGE. CHAS. L. MITCHELL.

THE MEAL-POKE.

FROM AN ETCHING. JAMES CADENHEAD.

THE MEAL-POKE.



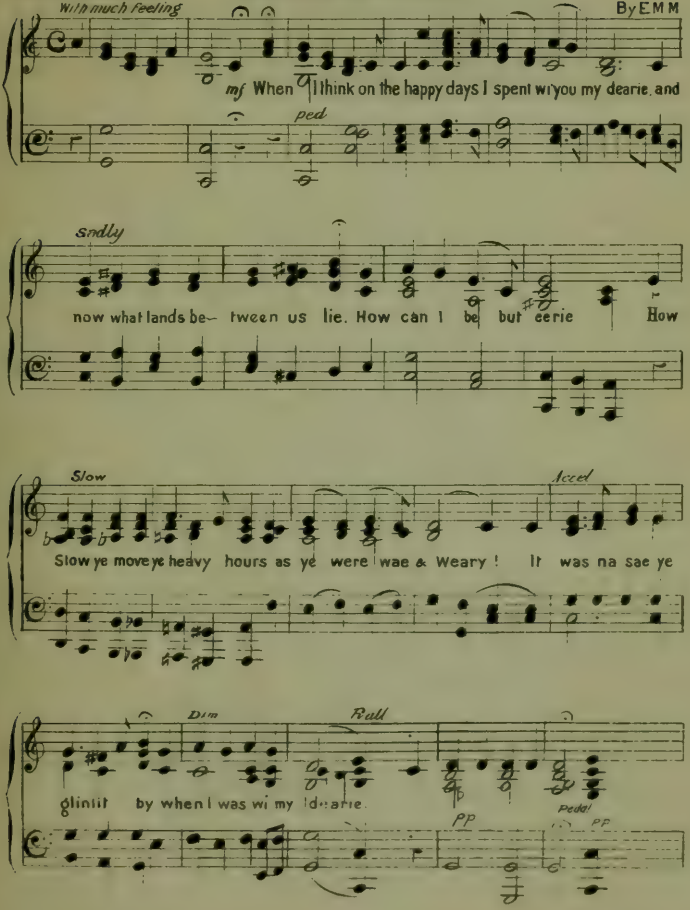
THE WINDMILL. MISS KYNOCH.

THE MEAL-POKE.

PARTED.

Morceau for Piano.

WORDS BY BURNS. *With much Feeling* By E.M.M


mf When I think on the happy days I spent wi you my dearie, and
ped.
Sadly
now what lands be- tween us lie. How can I be but eerie How
Slow
Accel
Slow ye move ye heavy hours as ye were wae & Weary! It was na sae ye
Dim
Rall
glintit by when I was wi my dearie.
pp
Pedal
pp

*AUGUST the 21st, 1903.**

GO, ring the bells! awake the town!
Let every heart be gay!
Our College of the Scarlet Gown
Has come of age to-day.

Time flies! It seems but yester year
A youthful band of five
We met. Now something old and sere,
Far sundered, four survive.

Kinsmen Antipodean take
Him in old Chaucer versed;
Whose mission's to excite and slake
Their literary thirst.

* University College may be said to have been born on August the 21st, 1882, when the first Principal was appointed. The original five Professors were Principal Petersen, now in Montreal; Professor Carnelley, who died at Aberdeen in 1890; Professor Gilray, now in New Zealand; Professor Ewing, who has just left Cambridge to take up his duties as Director of Studies for the Royal Navy; and the writer.

August the 21st, 1903.

One, the grey guardian of the Dee
  Has claimed and loved and kept;
Alone he learns death's mystery;
  He laboured and he slept.

From tremulous and weird Japan
  A third turned hither home;
But, eager questioner, began
  Tireless once more to roam;

Winning the suffrage of the great,
  Where Arts and Science meet,
He, called to service of the State,
  Now educates the Fleet.

The fourth, who ruled our little band,
  To wider influence grown,
Amidst the snows in kindred land
  Now fills an ampler throne.

The last is left who helped, the link
  Between the old and new,
To launch the College, swim or sink,
  In eighteen eighty-two.

August the 21st, 1903.

We watched her timid, fluttering start,
  We guided day by day;
Though sometimes too we lost our heart
  And sometimes lost our way.

Long past those times of fear and doubt,
  With all but hope we've done;
The little babe has now come out—
  To-day she's twenty-one!

J. E. A. Steggall.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LUTHERAN CITY.

By R. COCHRANE BUIST.

IN the streets of Hanover, which is approximately of the size of Dundee, and one of the most cosmopolitan cities in Germany, the stranger tired of sightseeing may have his attention drawn by some bronze statuettes at the side of the pavement. They are in the traditional form of young angels, and each holds a somewhat spacious box, whose immediate purpose is intelligible in any language. On enquiry he may learn that formerly at each gate of the town was a box in which the entering or departing traveller was wont to put something

as a token of thanks or the earnest of a good journey. The sums gathered were administered for the poor of the town. Some years ago the boxes were replaced by the angels, of which there are ten at the ways of chief exit. It is the custom for each donor to wrap his gift in a paper on which he has written, and at the end of each month the money is collected and the letters used both for publication and in evidence of good faith. In their evident unconsciousness of any ulterior object these letters give an accurate record of the hopes and fears, the tastes and aspirations, of the people of Hanover, which may well be recommended for the study of psychologist and of statesman.

Many letters are still of the old type, the gifts of coming or going travellers, and the glimpses they give of some simple folk might well tempt us to dream our sympathetic way further into their fortunes. We can almost see the little arab cast in his last mite and pray, "An Austrian kreuzer I give you, dear Angel, help me to England"; and we can see him again a music-vendor in the weary streets of London. We have known the family who are going "to America," and can smile at the gentleman of varied excursions who gives "one shilling for a successful journey and that I

have seen *tête noir*"; but the travellers' letters exhibit only one phase of the immense versatility of function of the angels as well as their gratitude for the very small mercies which the centesimal coinage of Germany makes possible. The majority of the letters are addressed personally to the "Dear Angel" or the "Dear Little Angel," and from their sincerity it is evident that to most of the writers there is a living personality beyond the statuette of bronze. This and the smallness of the donations show that here as in so many other instances the poor help the poor.

One large and special class of requests is for the angel's interference for the worldly welfare and luck of the writer or some friend; and it is amusing to see with what interest they expect the gifts to be repaid. "Sixpence, dear Angel, is thine. I have promised, and will keep my promise. Take care that I win something in the lottery, and then you will get double." "One penny, dear Angel, I give you with the prayer that in the lottery I may have a big win, and then you'll get a hundredfold." There are many like this, which could not occur in our country, where gambling of the kind is reserved for the special blessing of Church and University.

Prayers for work or improved situation are numerous, and exhibit the same faith in the expected interest on the gift. "A farthing, dear Angel. I pray you get me soon a higher situation in A. B. Fulfil my wish, then you'll get more." "That you will right soon get my man paying work, so that we may have a subsistence. Then you'll get more." We have also the equally poor but more generous and intelligent letter. "Dear Angel, I give you a halfpenny. Pray God to give us luck, and let us get the shilling we earned. If he does, I will give you sixpence," to show that there is trouble with the foreman even in Germany. The maiden's prayer: "Dear Angel, I pray you most earnestly that the story that looks so bad for me in prospect may remain without consequences. Do this, and I'll give you three shillings," shows her urgent need of help in a different situation, and we can hear her sigh of relief—"That I came so well out of that terrible story."

One somewhat extensive class of letters has reference to the health or illness of the writer, yet it is amusing to read, "One penny, dear Angel, I give from gratitude that I am freed from my toothache." The fee, or even "Sixpence that I am again freed from my rheumatism," shows

BY CANNICH'S SIDE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSOR STEGGALL.

THE MEAL-POKE.

STUDY OF A HEAD. DAVID FOGGIE.

THE MEAL-POKE.

that professional remuneration for angels is low. The writer who says, "One penny, dear Angel, I give for joy that I have slept well. Grant that I may remain free from toothache and that my Minna may be true to me," was suffering from what we know so well in this country—"a complication of diseases." The invalids begin to show a feature that was absent while we were dealing with purely business affairs. Some clothe their letters in verse, and leave us in doubt whether this is from a belief that the angels are fond of rhyme, or because in German it is easy to find rhymes. As a sample:—

> "Sixpence I give. Grant, dear Angel, I pray,
> That I double or threefold bring many a day.
> Send, I pray, and my health again to me give,
> And still the full use of my limbs while I live."

We hope that the poor man was soon less lame than his verses. Several, like the poor widow, cast in their last mite. Save for the incongruous ring in the last phrase, the following letter is purely pathetic:—"The last I have I give you, dear Angel, and pray you fulfil my long, long wish to travel to the promised land, which has long been the goal of my brother and sister. Let us have a new home there above. Fulfil my prayer and you'll get more."

The Confessions of a Lutheran City.

If we turn to another condition of man which seems by nature to have only an amusing side for all not concerned, and a serious one for those involved, we may learn something of love from these documents.

> "We are both so young in years
> That each her inexperience fears;
> Each lass is longing for a man,
> But how begin to set our plan?"

"Twopence I give you, dear Angel, with the prayer to give me at last the chance to know my sweet angel from Theatre Street." One easily consoled maiden writes, "A halfpenny, dear Angel. I pray that I may see my dear sweetheart, or else the three gentlemen, on Sunday." One poor fellow, evidently "off," gives threepence with the prayer, "Dear Angel, put it into my Minnie's heart to write first to her August"; and a happier man gives a halfpenny and asks the angel to "keep old H. long away that I may have my Agnes." A forlorn maiden asks the angel to carry her greeting to him who used to call her his "little one," and makes an appointment for the "Land of Beulah"; and in contrast Miss W. J. returns thanks and gives a farthing

"because I have left the nasty F. O. and found the good Neander B." Luise prays that her B. will remain true to her when he goes to the autumn manœuvres, and one jealous fellow endeavours to bribe the angel cheaply, for he writes, "A farthing, dear Angel. Fulfil my prayer that my sweetheart may remain true to me. Grant my wish and you'll get more"; and another gives his first win at cards that the angel may give him luck in love.

In spite of the temptation which the anonymity might offer, the use of the angels as a medium for satire and complaint is wonderfully restrained. The letters we can quote show just enough of the ordinary weaknesses of human nature to constitute as a whole a very emphatic testimony to the good humour of the German. "One penny I bring you, dear Angel, for gratitude that that nasty, mean fellow came too late to the land sale."

> **"A penny, Angel, is our present,**
> **To Mrs R. it is so pleasant**
> **To be for ever servants spying,**
> **To list our words she's ever trying,**
> **And if she ever catch us laughing**
> **She tells the mistress of our daffing.**
> **Grant that her husband find her out,**
> **He'll give her something to talk about."**

"A halfpenny, dear Angel, I give that you may take A. E. away from Hanover. Grant my wish and you will get fivefold." The letter, "a halfpenny to the dear Angel with the prayer that these five weeks may run past as quickly as possible, and that I may as soon as possible be free from the family B., from W.," rings like one of Hood's domestic asides.

Music has its limitations even in Germany. Thus we read, "Grant Tuba-Meyer, the 'everlasting trumpeter,' the knowledge that he is no musical genius. Cobbler, stick to your last." "A halfpenny we give for the beautiful song in King Street, on August 25, when the cat and dog howled in chorus. Next time please don't forget to throw in the firehorn." "Dear Angel, you get twopence with the prayer to make the would-be musical registrar, with the short-cropped grey head, of a better mind, so that he may not every day thrash his wife in such a pitiless way to evoke her musical feeling. The consequence of such roughness must follow as he will see, for he will have to flit."

Here is a delightful *tu quoque*—"One penny, dear Angel. Tell the man who wrote the anonymous letter to Listerfield to see to his own house, and

not busy himself with things that don't concern him. He should learn German before he writes again. His German is above all rules."

The difficulties of master and servant, especially servant, are also illustrated. "One penny, dear Angel, I give from gratitude that I am away from the hell-brand in W. Street. Please get me a better place." "A halfpenny, dear Angel, we give that our long-legged K. A. may not be so put about by trifles as on Aug. 25 for a millimetre and 5s." On the length of the working day they break into verse:—

> "We work till seven, and oft till eight;
> We bargained not to be so late.
> The toil is sore, the work ill-paid;
> Put, Angel dear, in the old man's head
> The thought when six is on the clock,
> Get up, at once the door unlock,
> Let your people free to the winds of heaven;
> You shouldn't keep them nearer seven."

The relief to the feelings which in this country is only to be got by writing to the papers is secured in Hanover by a letter to the angel, who never seems to find things "not suitable." Thus in the letters we have several varieties of public complaint, such as, "Dear Angel, take care to put

into the heads of some of the visitors to the Castle Church to be more modest, and not always, by going away too soon, disturb the thoughts of the worshippers"; or from a suburb:—

> "My pail stands timely on the stane,
> My pumps are in position;
> But, dear good Angel, send us rain,
> Don't trouble the Commission."

The practical joke is barely represented, but inasmuch as to the letter, "Dear Angel, give this to a poor blind man," the angel adds, "Content fallen out," we suspect its writer's kinship to the man who contributed to the temporary happiness of a well-known pair of blind singers by saying "Here's a sixpence; you'll better go and have a drink," knowing that each would think the other had received the coin. One poor little English joke looks very much left to itself—"Twopence. Beccles; change for Bungay and Harleston, H.W.Y."

The letters of children can in general be easily picked out, and are mostly spontaneous, simple, and pleasing. The angel is thanked for bringing dear Mr H. in good health, and for keeping him on the journey. "Sixpence, dear God. Give me ever health and a good spirit, and make papa soon well again." "That our Toni may become a Lieu-

tenant." "One halfpenny, dear Angel, because on August 3 I was not turned down in arithmetic." "One penny, that I may get a good certificate at Michaelmas, and not be turned back." "One halfpenny, that papa may soon get a good situation. Keep us all well, and I shall come often to you." Little Paul gives a farthing, with a prayer "for a suit of new clothes;" and George puts in a shilling "from my box, because I was very naughty," and having sacrifice for the poor made a punishment, receives a lesson probably as ineffective as it was injudicious.

The letters of women afford an emphatic demonstration of the domesticity of the Germans. In them woman, as sister, wife, and mother, shows to great advantage. The sister asks protection for her brother who is going into the manœuvres. The wife gives thanks for the fealty of her husband, and prays for his success in work. One young housewife prays for the success of her confectionery. The German mother expresses accurately the anxieties of many not so far away. "Dear Angel, pray, oh pray let my dear Agnes be spared." "Dear Angel, thanks to God who has heard my prayer. May He be gracious as heretofore. My wish is modest, I pray that my goodman and I

may see our children grow to God-fearing, brave, and useful men, and that we may be kept from fear of hunger as we have till now. A grateful and happy mother." One less happy writes, "Grant, dear Angel, that I be not so tyrannised over by my daughter." Two delightful letters will close the budget. "We have three boys already, therefor, dear Angel, let it be a little girl this time. Fulfil my wish and you'll get more." "One penny for joy that my little Karl has two teeth."

What more need one say? This is humanity, beautiful in unadorned simplicity. Yet we would search far to find in this country a newspaper willing to give a page or more for such a subscription list, with its more than three hundred items and a total of four or five pounds.

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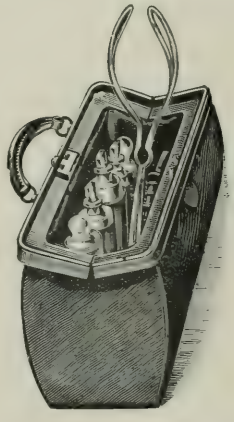

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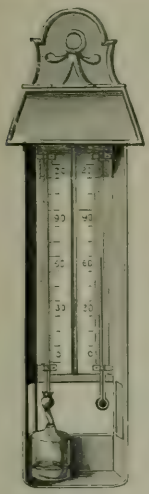

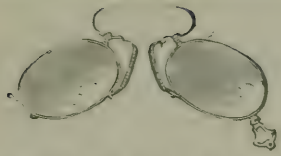

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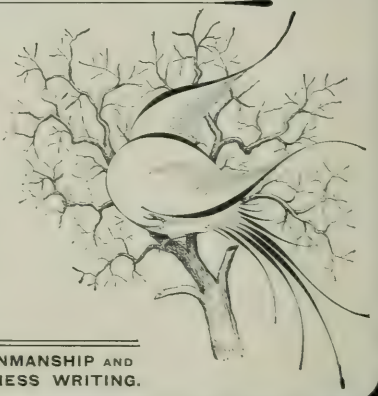

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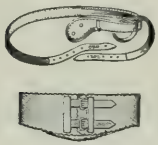

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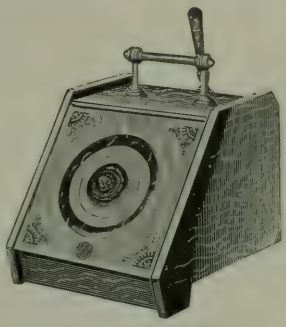

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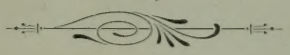

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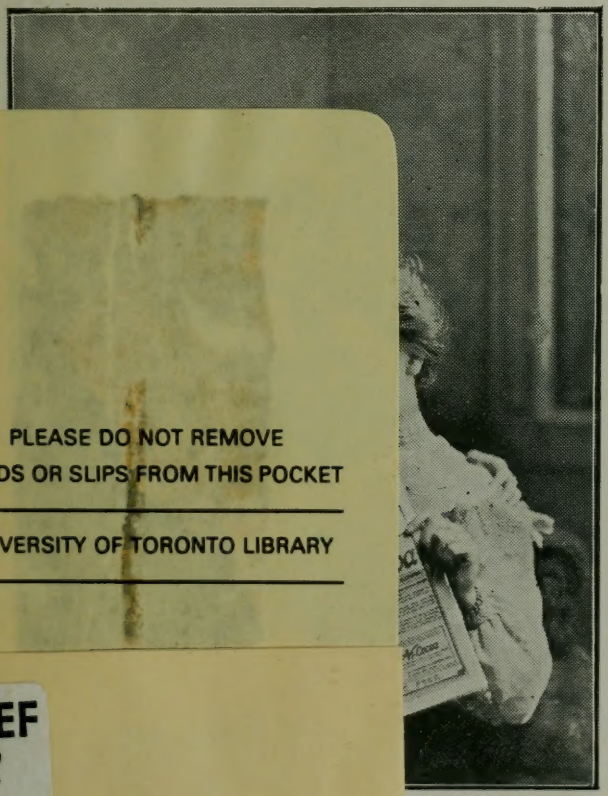

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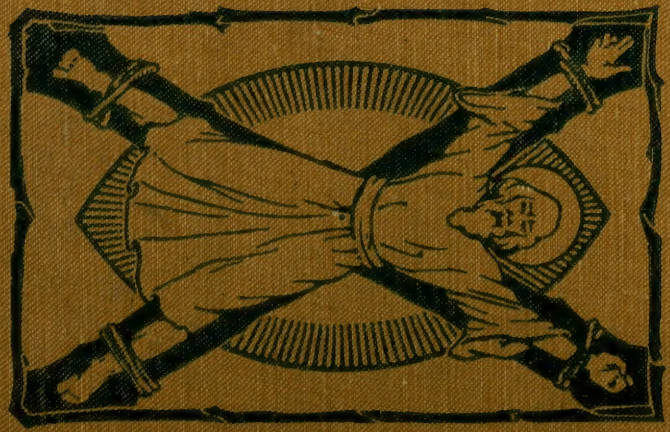

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